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CITY

JACKDAW

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54



55



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Test Pumps.
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52

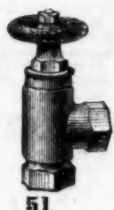
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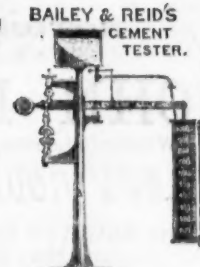
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In addition to 160 PRIZE MEDALS and FIRST PRIZES awarded at all the principal International and Local Exhibitions during the last twenty years.

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Are the most efficient, simple, and durable, and will perfectly wash any class of work with less labour, less soap and water, and less wear and tear to the linen, than any other method of washing. The Washing Machine only is £3. 10s., and the Combined Machine for Washing, Wringing, and Mangling, £7. 7s. and £8. 8s.

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With recent important improvements, is the best and best-made Six-Guinea Combined Washing, Wringing, and Mangling Machine ever introduced. It is very compact, occupying little more room than an ordinary Wringing and Mangling Machine, requires little care in its management, and can be worked by any ordinary servant girl without fatigue.

For further particulars, and also particulars of Bradford's Patent "Premier" Box Mangles, Drying Closets, Calenders, Churns, Bone Mills, &c., see BRADFORD'S JOURNAL OF SPECIALITIES for 1877, free by post on application.

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WASHING MACHINISTS AND LAUNDRY ENGINEERS,
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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

GENERAL HOLIDAY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

The Gardens, with the Great Collection of Living Animals and Birds, including elephants, lions, tigers, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, &c.; Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes; Mazes, Museums, Conservatories, Ferneries, &c. Open throughout the day.

TWO BANDS IN ATTENDANCE FROM TWO P.M.

In the evening, at dusk, an

EXTRA GRAND REPRESENTATION

will be given of Messrs. Danson and Sons' Brilliant Spectacle of

THE RECENT WAR IN SERBIA.

concluding with a Colossal LANCE-WORK DEVICE, prepared specially for the occasion, representing, in Myriads of Jets of Coloured Fires, the

FACADE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

with Arms of the City of Manchester, and the Mottos—"Concilio et Labore," and "SUCCESS TO THE NEW TOWN HALL."

Tea and other refreshments in the Chinese Tearooms and Refreshment-Rooms as usual.

Hot Water for Tea, Teacups, &c., supplied at a charge of 2d. each to parties provided with their own refreshment in the Large Rooms at the lower end of the Music Hall.

No Charge is made for Stabling for Horses, or for standing room for Conveyances arriving with visitors to the Gardens.

Guides to the Gardens, containing the prices of refreshments, the names of the animals and birds, the cab fares to and from the different cab stands in Manchester, and a short account of the late Servian War, may be had in the Gardens, price 1d. each, by post 2d.

Admission to the Gardens before four o'clock, 6d. each; after four, 1s. each.

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IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PRINCIPLE.

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Improved Self-Acting Cistern Filters. Main Service Filters from £2. 2s. each.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of the MORAVA, on view every day. The Grand Spectacle of the recent

WAR IN SERBIA

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the Season, at dusk.

Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Mazes,

Museum, Conservatories, Ferneries, &c. Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

THE GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT

MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER,

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Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2-30, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 5-30 to 7-30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can suggest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

Locus Muliarum Delicissimum.

J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor. Ladies' Dining-room first floor.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. II.—No. 96.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

WHEN, nearly thirty-five years ago, Mr. Abel Heywood entered the Council of the then Borough of Manchester, he might, without much presumption, have fairly looked forward to the office analogous to the one about which the bells of Bow talked to Dick Whittington in the olden time. But Mr. Heywood scarcely could have dreamt—who could?—that he would be Mayor under the circumstances, and surrounded by the festive scenes and the great folks whose presence will make the opening of the New Town Hall for ever memorable in our city annals. Mr. Heywood could not have dreamt in the year 1848—who could?—that there would arise the stately pile which the genius of Mr. Waterhouse and the enterprise and pluck of the Corporation have reared in our midst—one might say—regardless of expense. But the New Town Hall is there, and the hour has struck, and the man—and that man is Mr. Abel Heywood, the central figure of a remarkable group of statesmen, and jurists, and prelates, and leading personages of the County Palatine, and even beyond its borders. All this was to be. The people's Town Hall was to be opened by a man of the people; a man with an eventful career, we might call it an illustrative career in many ways, for Mr. Heywood, as we know, was much knocked about by the powers that were. The powers that were occupied themselves considerably by knocking about men of Mr. Heywood's class half-a-century ago. Having, not merely the earth, but, according to their own notions, the heavens in their keeping also, the powers that were harried about any person who had any freshness in his ideas; and the powers that were agreed to fear God and honour the king by special providences of fines and imprisonments. Now, the Mayor's career is historically illustrative of a considerable upturning and political subsoiling in English government and English society. We believe we have men amongst us yet whose ideas have not very much changed since Sidmouth and Castlereagh were kind enough to form them. By measuring themselves alongside their chief magistrate, such men may find out what they now are, but it would be very difficult to foreshadow what they shall be. To them the central figure of this week's festivities is not acceptable; they nod and waggle their pyramidal heads in railway carriages, also at dinner parties they indulge in slow disparagement. "Not the man by any means," is the cry; "not known covert-side—Cheshaw; not volunteer Lancashaw, or Heehaw." No, certainly not, my slow disparagers. The Mayor's career has meant toil and trouble, industry and self-denial, and even imprisonment for conscience sake. It has meant ungrudged time and labour for your fathers, who could stay at their offices whilst Abel Heywood was working for them. Proceed with your heehawing, and let me pass on.

The Mayor of Manchester has one great merit which in this notice should not be disregarded. He always trusted and he still trusts the people. To them he remains very much the man he always was. Honours and dignities have erected no barriers between the two. Perhaps no other mayor would have grandly dared the Saturday's processions, or have incurred the adverse criticisms which thereby have been aroused. Mr. Heywood wanted to have the people processing through the corridors of the Town Hall, pleading that they would do no harm—nor would they.

Mr. Heywood is extremely undemonstrative in manner, and thus occasionally gets taxed with indifference to the dignity of his office. He is the same with every one of his visitors—squire or artisan—who go to him on public business; he does not palaver the first or cut short the last. You may leave with the idea that the unimpulsive chief magistrate has not been particularly impressed with your observations; but therein you will err, always supposing that your observations were expressive. Dilettantism is not the rôle of his worship, who is above all things a man of business. If the Mayor can be called loquacious at all, it is certainly

not in private; but when he makes speeches he sometimes atones for the comparative brevity of his private colloquies. Men in the Council have several times expressed a wish to us that "Heewood would cut it short," but very likely the critic himself was desirous of an innings. Amongst municipal orators there is occasionally oratorical intolerance.

In person Mr. Heywood is, for his years, by far the youngest-looking man in the Council. At sixty-eight he can scarcely be alluded to as a grey-haired man, or as suffering from the effects of the three-score-and-ten verge. If the Mayor cared about his toilet at all, or if he could enlist any other member of his family in that interest, he might put back the apparent hand of time a dozen years without any difficulty. Some mayors—like some horses—are "bad at grooming," but they have plenty of "go in" them for all that; and no amount of work seems to daunt our Mayor, who has been twice married.

If ever a public man has thoroughly vindicated his claim to the position he holds this week in regard to this municipality, Mr. Abel Heywood is that man. Had the original programme been carried out, welcome as it would have been to all of us, and especially so to the Mayor himself, the ceremonial would have been less a Manchester one than it will have been now. The Imperial purple would have subdued all other colours except the flush of welcome on the people's cheeks. As it is, the Mayor will be "monarch of all he surveys, and lord of the fowl and the brute."

One word in conclusion. At the festive board, as well as in many of our hearts, there will have been significant vacancies during this high festival. Why should we forget the old names? Of the men who stood by Mr. Robert Neill when he laid the stone of this grand building, some have gone before who would have rejoiced in the completion of the work in which they were publicly concerned. Nicholls and Rumney, and kind Will Hodgkinson, and staunch John Waterhouse and Alfred Watkin, true as steel. They laboured, and others have entered into their labours. But they must not be forgotten, at all events by him who writes these presents, and some of whose happy hours were spent in the company of those old friends and colleagues of the Manchester City Council.

FRIENDSHIP.

[BY OUR OWN UNFORTUNATE SPECIAL.]

SO this is how a fellow's knocked about
When once P. C. Misfortune's found him out :—
The blackguards that they are! I thought them friends,
Though now I see they're but a pack o' fiends
Whose friendship in its force and length is sealed
By the replies these selfish questions yield :—
Within your cellar is there wine or want;
Are you with ready cash o'erflown or scant;
Can you stand bond or do you need a bill;
Is your progression up or down the hill;
Are you and yours in silks or tatters clad;
With plenty mirthful or with nothing sad ;—
Yes; with the answers that you sing or sigh
The strength and length of modern friendships lie!

A DREAM.

[BY MR. COUNCILLOR SMOOKS.]

I HAD a horrible dream the other night. Shakespere speaks of the dreams that "may come" to disturb us after death. On the next world I am no great authority; but I fancy that I know the present one, with its ups and ins, its ups and downs, pretty well. Shakespere may, or may not, have been quite right when he wrote of the tormenting dreams of the hereafter. All I can say is that the dreams we have here are often bad enough in all conscience. The agony which I suffered, only on Wednesday, was of itself sufficient to turn a man's hair grey, and make him mad. I went early to bed on the advice of my wife and two eldest daughters. They said I looked fatigued—very likely I did, as the result of the hard work I have done lately in the service of the public and myself—and they added that it would be late before they could retire, seeing that they had to put their things right for the grand ball to-night (Friday).

Once in bed, I soon fell asleep. But one horrid dream followed another in quick succession. It is with the last of the lot that I have to deal. Well, perhaps because I had got ball on the brain, I began, at length, to dream of the Mayor's ball in the New Town Hall. My wife, my two daughters—marriageable girls of seventeen and nineteen—and myself arrived all right. Our tickets and ourselves were closely examined by the police stationed at the door. The tickets were the correct card. The police soon saw that. My wife and my girls likewise passed the police without much difficulty. But they looked at me—at me, a prominent and famous member of the City Council!—as if I were the vilest swindler that ever breathed. Had I been the convict William Kurr or the prisoner Detective Meiklejohn they could not, and would not, have shown greater and deeper suspicion. However, after being inspected and questioned by private, sergeant, inspector, and superintendent, I was graciously allowed to move on. My dress would do, they said, smiling. I knew it would do; but why they should have taken so much trouble about it and me I could not conceive. My choker, my vest, my coat, my shoes, my unmentionables were all that could be desired. I knew that on the highest authority. In due time, after winding our way through devious passages and knocking against all sorts of people, we found ourselves in the presence of the Mayor and the Mayoress, and in the end were ushered into the ballroom.

The sight was simply dazzling. It caused my head to swim. I could not believe my eyes. I scarcely knew where I was. I appeared to know nobody; nobody seemed to know me; nobody knew himself or herself. Full evening dress played the deuce with us all. Most of us had seldom figured in that style before;—I myself never had. It took me all my time to recognise my own wife and daughters—to say nothing of my own constituents in——Ward. The dance went on. So did I. My head, like the dancers, went round and round. I could not stand it. I wished I were home. I inwardly cursed the New Town Hall. I began to think that the whole thing was a huge blunder. And then, to make matters worse, my eldest daughter, Mary, came and whispered to me that the police were indulging in a raid on the company, and were again examining the tickets and the dresses.

Night of catastrophes! Pulling myself together, I plunged my hand into the breast pocket of the dress coat which I wore, and produced to the superintendent—not the ticket, unfortunately, but a handful of letters. He looked at them; he looked at me; and then, walking away, told me not to stir until he returned. What could it mean? I could not say. I prayed, as best I could, that the Town Hall would fall upon us and end the terrible business.

"What had I done?" The coat was not my coat. I had hired it for the night, at a modest sum. The letters which the superintendent had taken away with him were not my letters; they belonged to the owner of the coat, not to me. In a short time, while the whole truth was flashing and dashing through my brain, the superintendent came back, accompanied by Captain Palin. By this time quite a crowd had gathered round me.

"We have been after you for a long time," said the superintendent, addressing me.

"Indeed," I replied, as best I could; "what is it that I can do for you?" The crowd closed in on us more and more, and my head at the same time swam more and more.

"What can you do for me?" growled the representative of justice; "nothing, I am glad to say; but I guess that I can give you a turn on the treadmill."

The room was going round and round, the New Town Hall was evidently about to collapse, the earth was opening beneath my feet, the world generally was coming to an end, the reign of universal chaos was at hand.

"What does all this mean, pa?" cried my youngest daughter, Fanny, as she rushed up and fell into my arms, I myself rolling on the floor at the same time.

"I don't know, dear," I stammered, rising to my feet in instalments.

"It means that you are wanted; we have sought you long; your name is Timothy Thompson, alias Sam Smith; you belong to the Long Firm; you have given us no end of bother; we have been after you for months upon months; but we've caught you by means of these letters; if not Thompson himself, you're at least one of his confederates, and that's good enough for us."

And, saying this, Captain Palin, the Chief of the City Police, proceeded to put me in irons.

"Unlucky night; horrible Town Hall; shocking ball; and it's come to this at last!" This was said by my poor wife, who in turn now appeared on the scene, and threw her arms round my neck.

By this time the dancing was stopped. Everybody clustered in a great dress circle. The band was silent; the police—the entire force—were buzzing round me like a nest of wasps. The Mayor was there too, and all the Aldermen and Councillors. Even Sir Joseph Heron, indisposed as he was, could not oblige me by being absent. Yet it was well, as it proved, that he turned up; for after some time, just as I thought creation was about to fall in pieces, Sir Joseph suggested that the City Council should hold a special meeting then and there, in order to take the whole situation into their serious consideration. No sooner said than done; the result being that Captain Palin let me off, admitting that, while he had got the right coat, he had got the wrong man.

I told the dream to my wife on Thursday (yesterday) morning, and the resolution we came to, after due consultation, was this—that as I could not then obtain a dress suit of my own in time, it would be safer not to go to the ball at all.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE!

WE are in receipt of the following communication, but we cannot say that we have "much pleasure" in finding a place for it in our columns:—

To the Editor of the Jackdaw.

"Sir,—I beg to hand you several letters that the writer has received in answer to a matrimonial advertisement, inserted in the *Manchester Courier* some few days ago.

"The writer thinks one or two, or even all of them, are worth giving publicity to, and if you think it worth your while you are, of course, at liberty to publish them. They might amuse some of your readers.—Yours truly,

"ERNEST RAYMOND.

"Sept. 10, 1877."

MATRIMONY.

A Young Gentleman, highly connected both in England and the United States, from where he has lately arrived, and again intends returning shortly, wishes to correspond with a well educated and refined young lady, age about 22, with a view to matrimony; enclose carte in strictest confidence; must not object to travel.—C 97, at the printers.

We daresay Mr. Ernest Raymond imagined that he was doing us a service and supplying us with a good joke in handing to us the ten letters, from young ladies, which he enclosed. While thanking him, we feel ashamed that he should have formed such a low estimate of our character and objects. Mr. Ernest Raymond's "jokes" are clumsy and cruel, and the *Jackdaw* abhors both clumsiness and cruelty, especially when these are the characteristics of supposed fun. The *Jackdaw* thinks the young gentlemen must be scarce in Manchester when young ladies are so quick in answering advertisements of this class. "Birds of a feather flock together;" but black as *Jackdaw* is, he would rather not have anything to do with Mr. Ernest Raymond. If he came into the world without a mother the *Jackdaw* did not, and we also have a few sisters—if they are black ones. If we had acted on Mr. Ernest Raymond's suggestion, and published the letters of his correspondents, sorrow would have fallen on some of the best families in Manchester. As it is, by inserting his own letter instead, we may cause annoyance and pain only to himself, and for that we should feel truly thankful. Mr. Raymond was greatly mistaken in expecting us to join him in his dirty work. If we have offended him by the course we have taken we are glad of it.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

Pots, 13d. and 2s. 9d.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION EXHIBITION.

IF art in Manchester—we do not mean Manchester art—had to be judged by the collection now at the Royal Institution, some of us would have to re-consider many of our views—to give up the idea that this was an art-loving community; that great artists were eager to send their master-pieces to our public sale rooms; and that of our exhibitions it could never be said that they should be inscribed, not only with the forbidding legend that surmounts the portal of Inferno, but with the expressive label in the vernacular, that “rubbish may be shot here.” If, for instance, a stranger in Manchester, knowing nothing of our exceedingly high culture, the sweetness and light of our people, their liberal patronage of everything in which taste and talent are embodied; if one knowing nothing of our super-refinement in this matter, paid a chance visit to the dingy building with the mausoleum-like exterior in Mosley Street, he would be bound to come to the conclusion that Manchester was still in its infancy in art education, unable to attract good pictures to its public gallery, incapable of distinguishing the worst from the indifferent, and without adequate knowledge or skill to hang the works, such as they are, in either a workman-like or becoming manner. Of course, we, who are to the manner born, are perfectly convinced that the stranger in question would be the victim of a hasty generalisation; that Manchester must not be judged by this year's exhibition; that the exhibition, indeed, illustrates two facts only—one, the failure of a private body of individuals to get together a fair representation of the art work of the year; and, secondly, their inability to discriminate between different degrees of merit so as to make the ensemble of the walls consistent and harmonious. Still, even this conclusion is not a pleasant one to be forced to. The Royal Institution is the only art gallery we have. It might year after year present us with a choice collection of the best examples of English and contemporary art. It not only might but it ought to do so; and yet it does not, for reasons which do not perhaps involve the directors personally in blame so much as they form a serious impeachment against the system. The Royal Institution is, in fact, a corporation, as Sidney Smith said, without a body to be kicked or soul to be damned. If there is any kicking to be done, the secretary, Mr. Ormerod, must be made to submit to a vicarious sacrifice; if anathema maranatha is to be pronounced we must do as the Scotchman did and swear at large. Its members are under no obligation to do their duty: it would be difficult indeed to define the duty they are expected to discharge. They are responsible only to themselves, and they are under no particular pressure to accept a responsibility to the public. They are all estimable men; some of them, indeed, excellent men, who have been doing their utmost to reform the institution altogether, but there is a considerable body of *vis inertiae* to overcome, wherefore reform has so far flagged; and not only has reform flagged, but, as the exhibition shows, there has been a diminution of industry on the part of those charged with getting together the pictures, or a diminution of confidence in the Royal Institution on the part of artists who have heretofore sent their works.

But the hanging—“Oh! the pity of it.” If the committee could not summon pictures from the vasty deep of London studios, at all events they could have done better with the arrangement of such as they had to deal with. Works utterly incongruous in character, and unlike in everything but size of frame, are placed in juxtaposition. Bad pictures are on the line, and good ones are skyed. The eye is pained by startling contrasts—by gruesome crudities hanging cheek-by-jowl with examples of exquisitely tremulous colour and tender tone. The fact is, we fear, that the hangers undertook a task for which they were incompetent. They were not sufficiently gifted to hang the rooms without assistance. It is useless to reply that the walls have been hung before by laymen to general satisfaction; there has rarely been an exhibition without reasonable complaint on this score; and when the complaints have been fewest, it has happened that the influence of an exceptional man of taste prevailed among his colleagues. Not only is the hanging defective, but it may fairly be urged that the committee of selection acted with mistaken leniency. There are fifty works at least which one looks at as Pope looked at the worm in amber. Too much, we believe, is made of the assumed necessity of covering the wall-space. If the walls may be covered with good work, by all means let them be covered; but if, in order to fill up the vacant space, specimens of aimless mediocrity are to be obtruded upon the sight, it must be expected that visitors will cry out for a collection “fit though few.” Sir Coutts Lindsay last showed us in the spring how much more agreeable in all respects it is to

hang a gallery with a limited number of good works, than to crowd it with bad ones, and the example of the Grosvenor gallery may be profitably studied by the managers of the Royal Institution. We know that if they observe this hint they will be assailed for the number of their rejections, but surely they will prefer to be charged with exhibiting a severe taste, than accused of having no taste at all.

THAT EVENING DRESS!

BILL TOMKINS last week as he sat down to tea Was as happy as any mechanic could be,
For he'd just been presented by Councillor Griffin With a card for the ball and likewise for the tiffin.

Said he to his Betsy, “We'll do the thing well,
And for once in your life you shall go as a swell;
You shall have a new bonnet with twenty red feathers,
And I'll see that your clogs have some new upper leathers.

“As for me, I shall go in my green pantaloons,
And my waistcoat all covered with sky-blue half-moons;
With my best Sunday coat, and a flaming red tie,
I can say to the Mayor—“Eh! how's this for high!”

“We must go in a cab?” “Oh, of course; though it's dear;
But I'll do for a week with a little less beer:
It never would do to drive up in a 'bus,
For the Mayor would think me a miserly cuss.”

And so Bill and his Betsy, with very great glee,
Resolved they'd for once have a thorough good spree;
“For,” said Bill, “my dear Betsy, you know, after all
It is not every day that we go to a ball.”

But lo! when next day Bill sat down to peruse
The Council proceedings report in the *News*,
“Oh, Lord!” said he, “Betsy, we're in a nice mess,
Why, they say we can't go but in evening dress.”

“Evening dress, evening dress!” replied Betsy aghast;
“Oh—no—they can't mean it,—you're reading too fast;
Good gracious! I'd soon be the talk of the town
If I went to the ball in a cotton nightgown.

Besides it's not decent.” “Oh, bother,” said Bill,
“That's not what they mean—here, look if you will,
There's the Alderman Bennett, who says that he wants
All the men to wear swallow tails, vests, and black pants.”

“Why, that's just like a waiter,” said Betsy, “Oh dear!
And must I in swallow-tail also appear?”

“No, no, but you can't wear your bonnet or clogs,
Nor your feathers, nor aught of your holiday togs.”

“Of course,” added Bill, in a rage, “it's quite plain
The nobs never meant us to come, Betsy Jane;
But no matter, I'll cheat 'em, old Aaron, the Jew,
Sells suits second-hand, only thirteen-and-two.”

“And, moreover, I see in the *Guardian* to-day
A Mr. ex-Councillor writing to say
We might go (he means poor folk, like us, I expect)
Clad in garments of dignified self-respect.”

“Well,” said Betsy, “I've heard of all fashions of clothes,
But I never saw any such garments as those;
I'm afraid that in them I should look very bold,
And that you would be very much apt to catch cold.”

So Bill he went off to old Aaron, the Jew,
Who sold him a suit which he swore was quite new;
And with much consultation Bill got himself dress'd,
Though often declaring that he was—not bless'd.

But the cab it so jumbled and shook them about,
That Bill's clothes fell to pieces before he got out;
And they had to drive home, William swearing like ten
Not to vote for a man in the Council again.

WORMALD'S PILLS are the **BEST** for all COMPLAINTS of the **STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS.**
Boxes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.



The *City Jackdaw* has passed into the hands of new Proprietors, and appears to-day under an entirely new Management. All communications, both for the Editor and Publisher, should be sent to
51, SPEAR STREET, MANCHESTER.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. TO-NIGHT, the Great Laburnum; Messrs. Henderson and Stanley, the Living Marionettes; Mr. Charles Pearson, the Royal Sussex Dwarf; Miss C. Ransome, Serio-Comic Vocalist; Mr. F. W. Vincent; Mr. and Mrs. Pike, Irish Duettists. MONDAY NEXT, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey; Mr. W. Woodhead; Miss Maggie Zimmer; Mr. Hiram Travis. Prices 6d., and 1s. Opens at 7.

THE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM, RUSHOLME.

REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 8 to 5, and 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.

BAND on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

57th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE.
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC DAILY.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING. SEASON TICKETS, 2s. 6d. EACH.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Captain Watson, one of Her Majesty's bodyguard, has been deluged with applications for ball tickets.

That he could not get one either for himself, or for his friends Maclure, Stutter, Touchstone, and Blatherwick.

That Mr. Councillor John Rose, out of the goodness of his heart, sent a ticket to his friend Captain Watson yesterday; but the Captain afterwards found that nobody would honour it except his Uncle.

That Maclure says he dare not go to the ball to-night even though he had a thousand tickets.

That the Queen is rather nettled now, that she should have played into the hands of the Tories.

That she has ordered the *Jackdaw* and the other Manchester papers to be forwarded to her at Loch Maree this week.

That the Princess Beatrice read aloud the whole of the two-page description of the Town Hall in Monday's *Courier*.

That Her Majesty yawned and slept all the time, and afterwards remarked that it was very nicely and concisely done.

That the lady and gentleman who, according to a correspondent of the *Guardian*, are going to the ball in the scanty garb of a "dignified self-respect," will not only be turned away from the Town Hall, but likewise provided with accommodation at the public expense.

That the *Jackdaw* and Mrs. *Jackdaw* are both going to the Ball, and that the latter will fully and faithfully describe in next week's paper the dress worn by each of the three thousand present. (Milliners, tailors, and dressmakers, please note, and order early.)

That the above-named couple will be the only creatures that come out in correct costume, the same being patented and protected by the immutable and inimitable laws of Nature.

That, sad to relate, all the advertisements in the *Courier* about dress suits for City Aldermen and Councillors have been paid for by Conservatives in the interest of the Constitution.

That we hope the Constitution won't suffer from the speculation.

That a quantity of rain (comparatively small, it is true) *did* fall yesterday.

That a good deal more *may* fall to-morrow.

That the Royal Infirmary was the only important building which *did not* put out its banners in recognition of our opening day.

That Captain Watson attended the banquet, disguised as a bobby, and made a collection, for my Lord Beaconsfield's use, of everything that was said in conversation when the toast of "The Queen" was given.

That Mr. Kiernan expects Mr. Parnell, M.P., or Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., to succeed Lord Beaconsfield as Prime Minister.

That nothing would astonish us in these days of political stagnation and Parliamentary obstruction.

That the Tory members of Salford Town Council object to baths on principle.

That, though cleanliness is next to godliness, Toryism has never been next to cleanliness.

That the Bishop of Salford is about to purchase Pomona, Belle Vue, and the Argyle.

That Captain Irwin is never seen in Oldham Street in the morning or evening.

That, if he were, he would initiate a raid on those tradesmen's shops where the female figures in the windows are actually dressed and undressed by men.

That the figures are very naughty, and the dresses very slim, and the men very rude.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

CHARLIE'S REQUEST.

TELL me, Maggie, if you love me,
Love me as in days of yore;
If you'd not with gladness spurn me,
And avow that I'm a bore?

Let me, dearest, travel with you
Into wellock's fairy land;
Travel all through life beside you,
Joined by love's own silken strand.

"Single bliss?" I'm weary with it:
Lodgings are a horrid pest;
Say the word, and I'll see to it—
We shall find a cosy nest.

MAGGIE'S REPLY.

No, no, Charlie, though I loved you,
I could ne'er be wife of thine;
Even though I should adore you,
You would let me sob and pine:

In my lonely nest you'd leave me,
Sighing all my heart away;
O'er your cups you would forget me,
Heedless of the bills to pay.

And such things do happen, Charlie,
If all stories be not lies,
You might sometimes come home early,
And then—blacken both my eyes!

VINCENT HICKS, Military Tailor, 97, Deansgate (one door from King Street). Agent for the NEW PATENT VICTOR SHIRT. warranted not to crease in front. SUITS, 6s. TROUSERS, 16s. 6d.



Abel Heywood

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THE SHEFFIELD DIOGENES.

THERE are few lessons more instructive to a young politician who wants to make a reputation, but is at a loss to decide in which way he should go to work, than that which may be drawn from the consideration of a simple, but not always sufficiently understood fact. And the fact is this—that whereas if, in private life, you constantly say bitter and disagreeable things about any man or any social circle, you are liable to be sent to Coventry as an ill-natured fellow, and perhaps to be kicked, the same conduct when held towards the world in general rarely fails to procure for a man the very distinguished consideration of all classes of society. The best explanation of this apparent inconsistency is that while no man, if he can help it, will tamely submit to having nasty things said about him, or will acknowledge their justice if they be true, every man is at the same time firmly convinced that a little wholesome lingual castigation will be of great benefit to his neighbours. An illustration, which I think rather apt, occurs to me just now. There is a certain church, within easy walking distance of the Assize Courts, which is under the charge of a gentleman of great ability, great eloquence, and great earnestness, and who can “deal damnation round the land” to greater purpose than any other ecclesiastic I know of in the Northern Province. He is never tired of dwelling on the unspeakable iniquity of modern society; he rarely loses an opportunity of informing us that Manchester is a second Sodom, and that Salford is much worse than Gomorrah. And his congregation are never tired of being told so, especially as they are firmly convinced that if another Abraham had occasion to intercede for the city, that congregation alone could furnish him with, not fifty only, but five hundred righteous men, for whose sake the threatened destruction might be averted. They like to hear that this is a generation of vipers, and admire the penetration of the man that tells them so; but if the reverend pastor were to single out any one individual, and call him personally a viper, then probably all the divinity that hedges his office would not save him from the inconvenience which often results from the sudden stoppage of a hard body by a soft one. It is hardly necessary to point the moral of this illustration, or to show its bearing on the proposition with which I commenced.

But the young and aspiring politician, for whose benefit this is written, may find a still stronger confirmation of the fact, that the world likes to be abused, and is glad to reward with its esteem the man who hits hardest, if he will study closely the career of Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, the septuagenarian member for Sheffield. Long ago Mr. Roebuck, by following the course which I have indicated, reached what to many men is the summit of political ambition. He has earned, and in one sense deserved, the reputation of being a formidable antagonist; he has been alternately flattered and reviled by both the great parties in the State; on the rare occasions when he now speaks reporters are sent from long distances to record his utterances; the public are always anxious to hear what he has said; and a great many people undoubtedly attach much importance to his opinions. Now, in a man who is willing to stake his happiness on the claps of the multitude, the position occupied by Mr. Roebuck may well inspire envy and emulation; but it is right to warn my young political student, before he sets to work to copy this example and to attain a similar position, that a very peculiar mental conformation is necessary to ensure success, and that if he is not sure that he has the requisite qualifications he had better not attempt the task. To begin with, he must be utterly devoid of gratitude, however it is defined; he must be insincere up to a point which stops short of dishonesty; he must consider flattery of political principle as a mark of the want of versatility and catholicity; he must conduct himself in such a manner that his friends shall never know whether in the heat of battle he will not go over to the enemy; at the same time leaving the enemy in doubt whether he has not gone over in order to lead them into an ambuscade. Above all, he must be consistently and systematically inconsistent—whereby he will gain the credit of profundity—and he must be careful never to commit himself so far to either side as to preclude all hope of quarter, if those with whom he is acting at the moment should be defeated. Now it might seem that this description could only apply to a mere political timeserver or Vicar of Bray, destitute of honesty and of principle. Yet nothing is further from my intention than thus to characterise Mr. Roebuck. When I say that he is insincere, it is not because I think him dishonest in the ordinary sense of the word. His insincerity arises from the fact that he never gives himself the trouble to think any principle thoroughly out. In other words, he is

insincere, not exactly from want of honesty, but because he never has had, and never thought it worth while to have, any firmly settled convictions. He is a lawyer amongst politicians, and a politician amongst lawyers, and, as a lawyer, he is always anxious to make out a good case and to win, if possible, a temporary triumph in special pleading, without troubling himself as to the intrinsic and relative merits of the subject.

The truth is that the principal trait in the character of the member for Sheffield is that of inordinate vanity, which is acted on by and reacts upon a temper by no means the most tractable in the world. Once understanding this, we have the key to the whole of his career, not otherwise easily explicable. No one could be accused with less justice than Mr. Roebuck of having at any time been actuated by base or mercenary motives; but we are led to suspect that much of the vehement abuse with which he has in turn assailed all those with whom he has at any time been connected, may be considered as the balm which was to heal a wounded vanity. Accept Mr. Roebuck as an oracle; subscribe without hesitation and without comment to his dogmas, and you may be assured of his very particular esteem, which may be preserved as long as you like to say ditto to him. But cross, thwart, or attempt to argue with him, and all the water in the Thames could not wash your sin away, unless it washed you away also. So also do I explain his want of gratitude to any political party, his want of fixity of purpose, and his inconsistency. These defects, it appears to me, simply arise from the fact that Mr. Roebuck is so fully persuaded of his own immense importance that he thinks he can dispense with the conditions which usually restrain men in political life. Without any more ability than that possessed by most commonplace men, Mr. Roebuck has one fortunate or unfortunate gift, to the use of which he is indebted for all the fame he enjoys. Few men who have moved in political circles during the last forty or fifty years have been endowed with a greater power of vilification and vituperation than is the member for Sheffield. The waters of that Marah never run dry; the venom of that tongue is never exhausted. He who commenced life as a root and branch Reformer could never find words sufficient to express his contempt for the old Tory party; and now, when after multitudinous veerings and shiftings, he seems finally landed in the Tory haven of repose, we see him amidst the outlers of Sheffield pouring out the vial of his envenomed bitterness on the heads of the party which alone has made it possible for Sheffield and the Cutlers' Company to exist at all in their present state of prosperity. Not even the fact that numbers of the outlers and nearly all the chief guests were members of the party which he attacked could restrain Mr. Roebuck's tongue; and probably the pleasure with which he indulged in the paltry sneer at Mr. Gladstone's wood cutting would have been doubled had he known how many were irritated and annoyed by it. The member for Sheffield is an old man. Each time he speaks will, as he says, probably be the last; but he may yet live long enough to turn round once more on the Tory party and “tear 'em” as he has done before, though I for one wish the Tories joy of their present bargain, and should be sorry to see the Liberal party again connected with so dangerous an ally. Truly the spectacle presented by Mr. Roebuck in his old age is not a pleasant one; and when the time comes to bid a last farewell to him who seems to have thought all his life that speech was given to us in order that we might abuse our fellows, not the least of our regrets will be that a man who had so many golden opportunities, should have made so singular a use of them.

MESSRS. George Falkner and Son, Imperial Buildings, Deansgate, have issued an excellent lithograph of the New Town Hall.

THE following is one of a thousand similar “jokes” sent to us this week: “Why was the New Town Hall door the strongest in the world?” “Because there was only one able (Abel) to open it.”

THE THEATRES.—Henry the Eighth continues to draw well at the Royal. Everything goes very smoothly now, and those who wish to realise the grandeur and the gorgeousness of the performance must see it for themselves.—Our old friend Jefferson holds his own in *Rip Van Winkle* at the Prince's. By the way, does Dr. Thomson know Jefferson? Thomson's preaching is excellent; so is Jefferson's playing; and we question whether the latter is not as useful as the former in its own way.—*Arrah-Na-Pogue* has possession of the boards at the Queen's, and furnishes amusement to hundreds nightly.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

[Advertisement.]

OUR PROGRAMME FOR TO-MORROW.

THE Mayor of Manchester has pleasure in announcing that, as far as possible and prudent, that busy and faithful bird, *The City Jackdaw*, will observe the following programme in connection with the grand procession and other "demonstrations" on Saturday next, the 15th inst:—

8 a.m.—The *Jackdaw* will open his eyes, scan the signs of the weather, and leave the tower of the New Town Hall.

8-30.—Will run round the walls of the city, and see that all the gates are thrown wide open.

9.—Will pay a flying visit to the Albert Street Police Station, and make certain that the force is unequal to the occasion. Will instruct them to let the mob have all their own way, because they cannot do anything else.

9-15.—Will ascertain the condition of the city councillors after the preceding two days' debauch.

9-30.—Will stop the whole traffic of the town.

9-45.—Will look in at the Thatched House Hotel, the Stock Exchange Luncheon Bar, the Limited, the Victoria, the Bush, the Star, and sundry other places, to satisfy myself that ample provision has been made for the hungry and thirsting lieges.

10.—Will run along to the Mayor's Parlour in the Town Hall, and have a short chat and a stiff glass with his Worship.

10-15.—Will count all the public-houses in the city which have complied with the Mayor's request that business should entirely cease throughout our borders on this happy day.

10-30.—From the top of Cobden's statue will marshal the wretched thousands who are doomed to walk in the procession.

10-35.—Will drop a few hints to the reporters of the *Evening News* and *Evening Mail*, just to help them in giving a graphic description of the whole affair before it comes off.

11.—Will approach the head of the procession and give the command, "March!"

11-5.—Will wonder where, and how, the tail of the procession is at the present moment.

11-30.—Will feel that this is a proud day for Manchester.

12.—Will address some words to the mob, now growing unruly, and pray them not to be too unfaithful to themselves or too trying to the police.

1-35 p.m.—Will number the men in the procession, as well as the banners, pipes, flasks, cigars, and boys in ditto.

2.—Will determine which of the bands makes the most noise.

2-25.—Will present to the leader of that band a copy of this week's *Jackdaw* and a penny commemoration medal.

3-10.—Will feel inspired by the abounding chaos.

3-20.—Will relinquish all idea of ever seeing the tail of the procession.

3-45.—Will be informed by Captain Palin that the tail has got lost.

4-30.—Will hop up the grand staircase in the Conservative Club and congratulate Captain Watson and The Great Maclure on having succeeded in their manoeuvres to prevent the Queen from honouring us with a visit.

5.—Will be treated to a cigar and a cup of coffee, and will further congratulate the gallant Captain on his having led off the ball with the Mrs. Mayoress as his partner on Thursday night.

5-40.—Will have a dance on my own account, and at the expense of Mr. R. N. Philips, M.P., at Pomona.

6-50.—Will call at the City Gaol and inform the prisoners that the hubbub is nearly over, congratulating them at the same time on their good luck in escaping it.

8.—Will watch the progress of the war in Servia at Belle Vue.

9 and 10.—Will avoid the Argyle, but run in for a few minutes to the Prince's, Royal, and Queen's.

11.—Will take a census of all the drunken persons throughout the city, publishing the result in next week's *Jackdaw*.

Midnight.—Will retire to roost, thanking God that a New Town Hall is not opened every week, or every year, or even every generation.

By order,

Town Hall, August 13, 1877. (Signed,) JOSEPH HERON, Town Clerk.

RE OLD JOSH.

I TRIED to write a line or two
To please the amorous fools
Who read your witty paper through
In warehouses and schools;
And as I was an infant at
The versifying game
My loftiest strains were very flat,
My numbers very lame.

In consequence thereof, you put—
At least I fondly thought—
My contribution where you shu
Up all your good-for-nought
Effusions; from the numbers who
Like me have dreamt they can
Write witty verses, false and true,
On the *Jackdaw's* plan.

But, cruelly deceptive, you
Have just now published it,
And made poor me both black and blue
With pugilistic wit.
You might have let it stay within
Your great depot for bosh,
And spared the man whose greatest sin
Is to be poor Old Josh.

It is too bad; but as the rule
Is, and your readers know it,
That he who is the wittiest fool
Must be your favoured poet;
And since you deem it politic
This way to treat old men,
Why, write me down a lunatic
If e'er I write again.

We are sorry to have offended our friend by inserting one of his effusions last week. What an ungrateful world! We had thought to please him by what we did. Yet this is all the thanks we get. The verses given above are pretty hard on us; but the following note by which they were accompanied is harder:—

"Oh, you chirping rogue! to go and treat me in this way after I have so long been trying to forgive myself for ever writing such stuff. You must be a black-hearted rogue. You may forgive me if ever I crave an acquaintance with such a funereal-looking creature as your sable self."
"OLD JOSH."

After this, we'll never try to do anyone a kindness. Still, we don't want to quarrel, and if "Old Josh" will look us up we shall do our best to forgive him.

A GARDEN PARTY.

IT was a happy thought which induced the committee of the Clerks and Warehousemen's School to inaugurate their new wing with a garden party. The house and grounds were thrown open, and every room was utilised for some enjoyable entertainment, whilst the outdoor athletic sports gave a variety to the programme which proved very attractive. The dining-room was sacred to the drama, the boys' and girls' schoolroom to concerts, both serious and serio-comic, with snatches of negro minstrelsy. Punch and Judy, and astounding tricks of legerdemain found a resting-place in the girls' playroom, whilst the lovers of antiquity and the fine arts wended their way to a room adjoining the girls' playground where Mr. Baldwin acted the part of a charming and learned *cicerone* in explaining the recondite contents of "a poetico, historico, mythico, museum of works of nature, science, and especially art, collected at vast expense, and arranged with infinite skill," but which bore the equivocal motto, *Totus meus oculus*, which, being rendered in the vernacular, is supposed to mean "All in my eye." The band of the 4th Cheshire provided the music on the day; and last, but

TO SMOKERS: Mounted Briars, Meerschbaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description, WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

not least, the commissariat, under the management of Mr. Parker, was a complete success. The weather was fine, though cold, and the only drawback was the smallness of the rooms where the various entertainments were held. But the company, with great good-humour, bore their disappointment, and went like bees from room to room extracting amusement wherever they went. Nearly 3,000 visitors must have been present, and if the object of the committee was to provide an agreeable and pleasant day for their visitors, we can bear ready testimony to the success of their efforts. The public and the institution owe a debt of gratitude to those who came so generously forward to assist the committee; and when we mention that the bulk of the services were rendered gratuitously by societies affiliated to the Athenæum, some conception may be formed of the extent of this obligation. The public and the institution are indebted for this good work to the Athenæum Gymnastic Club, the Athenæum Dramatic Society, the Athenæum Musical Society, and the Minnehaha Troupe of Christy Minstrels. The object of the gathering was not so much to raise funds, desirable as that may be, as to enlist the sympathies of the public in an institution whose usefulness cannot be too widely known and recognised. Certainly, when we compare the number of clerks and warehousemen in Manchester with the roll of subscribers to the institution we are almost forced to believe that the small proportion of the latter to the former is the result of ignorance rather than design, and if the result of Saturday's proceedings should be an accession of members and subscribers, it will be well. The institution at present has 180 inmates. The instruction given is of an exceptionally thorough character, and under the Head-master Mr. Laurie, the institution has taken very high honours in the Oxford, Cambridge, and other examinations. We wish it God-speed.

HAPPY LAND!

HERE is a happy land—I don't mean the "happy land far, far away," about which we all love to think and sing in the sweetest and best children's hymn ever penned;—but, as we learn from Tuesday's *Examiner*, there is a happy land at Pendlebury; and, according to all accounts, Happy Land Methodist Chapel must be an enviable sort of place, and Happy Land Chapel Christians a most estimable and exemplary set of persons. To show their love for one another they indulge in the luxury of a good round and sound quarrel now and then; for we have it on a very high and ancient authority that—

"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

Altogether, the Methodist body politic is somewhat out of sorts now-a-days. No doubt it will pull itself right in time, and go on doing its good work in its own good way. Serious as the situation seems to be, and is, at Happy Land, there is every reason to believe that even these matters will soon mend. But for the present the congregation is rent into two sections, and for the moment the members of the contending parties are trampling the Master's teachings under-foot, and allowing the "old man" to hold high carnival. One part of the congregation favours the Free Methodists, the other is heart and soul with the Wesleyans; and now they are carrying on a feud for the possession of the church almost as bitter, if not as bloody, as the war between the Russians and the Turks. Great principles are at stake, deep prejudices are at work, and, therefore, fiery passions are running riot in Happy Land. The Rev. John Hirst, of Salford, went there as peace-maker and preacher on Sunday last; but he went, at the same time, in the interests of the Free Methodists. Consequently, the Wesleyans would not have him. And what a scene, or rather, succession of scenes followed! Had they occurred in a police court, every person present would have been locked-up; or, had they taken place in a theatre, the Rev. Dr. Thomson would have come down again with all his cruel, crushing criticism on the miserable mobs that frequent such naughty places. But they manage things differently at Happy Land Chapel. The Pendlebury police are patient, forbearing individuals. They are not made of the same flesh and blood as the Pendlebury Methodists. In the afternoon the religious service consisted of a religious row; and it was the same in the evening. The Rev. Mr. Hirst returned to Salford with both of his sermons unspoken. More than that, if we are to believe what appears in the daily papers, he never left the pulpit even between the religious riots, in case some Wesleyan local preacher should get possession of it in his absence. For five long hours he occupied the Happy Land pulpit. After this he merits the full honours of martyrdom. We are pleased to think that he was supplied with a cup of tea while he stuck to his post in the pulpit. But that cup

of tea, perhaps, diminishes slightly the partial victory which he gained. Had he refused the tempting cup he might have been a full-blown hero this day. As it is, he did his best in trying circumstances. When he next attempts to take this Pendlebury Plevna, the *Jackdaw* hopes to be there to recount his valour, as well as the sweetness and loveliness of Happy Land Christianity. It affords us some small consolation to know that he managed to struggle through the Benediction—sometimes the most enjoyable portion of public worship—and this may encourage him to try again, when, we trust, better success and greater credit will attend his well-meant efforts.

THESE SKITTISH PAPERS AGAIN.

THE Bishop, as everyone knows, has a high appreciation of the skittish press of Manchester. The feeling is mutual, for the one could not get on without the other. But what did his lordship mean when he spoke of these skittish papers? How far did his list extend? We cannot say; but the events of these latter days must have led him to lengthen it out considerably. The *Guardian* deserves now to figure in the list, as the following announcements in its pages on Saturday will prove:—

MR. BROWN regrets that he is unable to supply any more of the Council with his Dress Suits, as he cannot divide three among 666 applicants.

TOWN HALL BALL.—A LAMPLIGHTER, without a mate, having Two Tickets for the Ball but no Dress Suit, will give a Ticket for the LOAN of ONE; and for Loan of a Shirt will give Copy of History of the Bradford "Kill-stink."

TOWN HALL BALL.—GENTLEMEN supplied with DRESS SUITS, Paper Collars, Cuffs, and Dickeyes, with Brass Studs, replete, also a Few Ulster Coats and Overalls: terms moderate.—Address C 98, at the printers.

TO COUNCILLORS AND THEIR FRIENDS.—A Second-hand Suit of DRESS CLOTHES, in good condition, ON HIRE, or FOR SALE: no reasonable offer refused.—C 112, printer's.

Really, this is too bad. Our occupation's gone. For a respectable paper like the *Guardian* to become "skittish," even in its advertising columns, is too much. But the *Guardian* has done next to nothing in this line as compared with our excellent contemporary the *Courier*. Here is the string of practical jokes with which it presents its readers:—

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—THREE EVENING DRESS COATS TO BE LET on reasonable terms; Members of the Council will have the preference.—WM. DODD, Esq., 106, Upper Jackson Street, Hulme.

TOWN HALL BALL.—Several Second-hand DRESS SUITS ON HIRE for above.—A 74, at printers.

NEW TOWN HALL BALL.—A few DRESS SUITS ON HIRE.—Apply to J. AARON, 92, Heywood, City.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—A Few Well-cleaned, Second-hand DRESS COATS, equal to new, ON SALE, suitable for the Dress Ball at the New Town Hall.—Address P. B., at the printers.

TO COUNCILLORS AND THEIR FRIENDS.—A Second-hand Suit of DRESS CLOTHES, in good condition, ON HIRE or for SALE; no reasonable offer refused.—Address A 77, at the printers.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—WANTED, a few BLACK Swallow-tailed COATS, in fair condition, and not requiring much cleaning; brass buttons objectionable.—Address K. J. H., at the printers.

A DAY WAITER, possessing a DRESS SUIT of superior quality, is willing to lend it to any Gentleman invited to the Ball, on reasonable terms.—Address R 47, at the printers.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—A Couple of DRESS COATS ON SALE, of modern pattern, their owners having no use for them, in consequence of not having received tickets for the opening of the New Town Hall.—Address A. L., at the printers.

THE TOWN HALL BALL.—A Gentleman's Gentleman, out of employment, is anxious to obtain a little ready money by offering for Hire his DRESS SUIT; terms moderate.—Address Z X 6, at the printers.

THE TOWN HALL BALL.—TO BE SOLD, cheap, an Old DRESS SUIT and Pair of Boots; also, Pair of Kid Gloves, only cleaned twice, and Tie to match. This is a rare opportunity for Councillors and their friends who purpose attending the Ball. Or a TICKET TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.—Address, in confidence, A 80, at printers.

So it has come to this at last. With the exception of the *Examiner*, the daily Press has suddenly become interesting and amusing; and all at the expense of unhappy City Councillors. Why are they the only men in the world who are supposed to be destitute of dress suits? Plenty of articles of the kind are knocking about Manchester. Why, then, should our City Councillors, or a section of them, have flaunted their singularity and poverty in the eyes of their fellow-citizens?

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, &c. Sold by L. BEAVER, 97, Cross-st., Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1/1½ upwards.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT has done many gracious acts during his long and eventful life. Amongst these must be reckoned his acceptance of the Mayor's invitation to the Town Hall Banquet. Manchester turned its back on Mr. Bright at an important period in his career and the nation's history. But Manchester has repented that rash act, and John Bright can well afford to forgive and forget.

THE *Rock* newspaper is usually so hard on our poor unfortunate Bishop that it is quite a relief to come across an instance of its being pleased only to damn him with very faint praise. Preaching at Halifax recently, Bishop Fraser referred to those so-called sacerdotal functions which were supposed by some to be the highest characteristic of the Christian ministry. The *Rock* has gone into ecstasy over this sermon. "All this is capital," it says, "and shows that the Bishop is now thoroughly alive both to the unscriptural character of the system of sacramental confession, and to the necessity of putting a stop to it. His faithful testimony is, however, somewhat marred by the usual compliments to the devoted and self-sacrificing men who habitually practise what he so forcibly condemns. Had he been an Ephesian archon, we presume he would have described Simon Magus as a self-sacrificing soothsayer and exemplary enchanter!" But the Bishop, we are sure, will be glad of receiving the smallest mercies from this quarter.

We have received up till the moment of going to press one ton ten cwt. of verses bearing on the week's rejoicings, all of which will be sent on to our paper manufacturer, so that if they do not exactly appear in the *Jackdaw*, the *Jackdaw* will have the pleasure of appearing upon them in due course. Meanwhile he has the momentary pleasure of sitting on the impoverished productions, though he knows they won't hatch.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London religious (or, rather, ecclesiastical) journal has been to the Manchester Cathedral and St. Alban's, Choetham, to spy out the nakedness of the land. It was a few weeks ago, it seems, that we entertained this angel unawares. "I was surprised," he says, "that the cathedral was not fuller—the Bishop having been announced to preach. A large gallery facing the pulpit—an excellent place for both seeing and hearing—scarcely contained a dozen persons; what, then, can they possibly want with a new cathedral? The quality of the collection was also a surprise; the plate, when presented to me (I was in the body of the church), contained nothing but halfpence!" This ecclesiastical detective also hints that the Bishop preached but a poor sermon on the occasion. His lordship would have done better, no doubt, had he known that this great man was amongst his hearers. He also went to "see and hear" the Rev. Mr. Knox-Little. "The church may have been half full—the congregation mainly consisting of women, and these mostly young."

Besides the officials, about twenty women and two or three men communicated." It is as well, after all, that we should occasionally see ourselves as others see us, even though they may look on us with jaundiced eyes.

THE Junior Reform Club will soon be in full swing, and everything indicates that both as a social circle and a political power it will prove a big success.

DR. KENEALY is in deep waters. Not only are the pence not flowing into the treasury of the Magna Charta Association, but his own constituents have lifted up their heel against him, and booed him from their midst. In trying to address a meeting in the Stoke Town Hall, he said it cost him something like two thousand a year to represent them in the House of Commons. He was obliged to keep up a large establishment in London in order to be always ready to go down to the House of Commons to act and vote as he thought right upon all public questions. He was daily sacrificing his own comfort and happiness by being their representative; and a thousand times better would it be for him to retire from public life—from the horrible slander and torment to which he was constantly subject—and live with his books, and, in the study of sea and sky, contemplate his Omnipotent Maker. It appears likely that the electors of Stoke will be only too glad to allow him to retire, and study what and whom he likes on the earliest opportunity. Ever the people of Stoke are getting their eyes opened.

A FAREWELL TO MANLEY.

MID autumn sunshine let me sit,
Where leaves and grasses softly sigh,
And weave a web of memories fit
To sanctify a last "Good-bye!"
To-day the scene is sadly still,
To-morrow and the air shall fill
With martial music glorious;
And every charming walk and bower,
Where oft I've whiled a passing hour,
Be filled with crowds uproarious.
Where love-lit eyes, with mutual glance,
The dear old story fondly told,
Shall sound the song, what time the dance
Rolls on in mazes manifold.
To-day I hear each whispered word,
To-morrow they shall not be heard
'Mid laughter loud and merry.
The sunny glance of earnest eyes
Will be forgotten 'mid the cries
For "twos" and "fours" of sherry.
No dome of glass shall rear its head
Resplendent in the silent air,
A fairy palace—soon instead
A host of vandals shall be there,
While garden plots and velvet sward
Transformed into a building yard
Will make the prospect duller;
And shareholders may by-and-by
Drop just one silent tear, and sigh
O'er Mr. Francis Fuller.
No more stout Donald shall compete
With doughty Mac in mimic fray,
Bold Scotia's glory to complete,
While bare-legged pipers blithely play.
Deep in a brick-and-mortar shade
Shall Caledonia's glory fade
'Mid steam of whisky toddy,
Which fading shows a vision clear
Of damsels taking supper beer
To Manley Villas shoddy.
Of, promised glories, whereto he traced
The triumphs of the painter's art;
The light, the beauty, and the grace,
Designed to play so proud a part.
Vague signs of these no more we view,
The good, the beautiful, the true
May stay in Rome or Venice;
Bright oleos shall be the prize,
Obtained from firms who advertise
Free coupons—Fifteen pennies.
But times must change! ah, well-a-day,
The antique fashions are but lent,
A money'd crown's our wreath of bay,
For gold has banished sentiment.
And if I should commit the crime,
Of mourning o'er some "good old time,"
'Twould be a grievous pity.
Ere long, again I'll haunt the spot,
And when it's built on choose a cot,
And dwell there with my Kitty.

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.—This original slave troupe, perhaps the finest in existence, has commenced a month's engagement in the Free Trade Hall. The company, consisting of sixty members, embraces some of the best musicians, vocalists, comedians, and wits of the age. Hague's minstrels have no superiors. Their entertainment is perfection itself. They can make you cry or smile at pleasure, and—no mean recommendation in these days—they are too genuine artistes ever to make you blush.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

J. L.—The subject is thrashed bare already.

W. MANOR.—Received; but not up to the mark.

"HIEFLIER."—The lines soar to such a great height that it is no wonder you lost your head over them.

The largest collection of all kinds of fine arts, reproductions of the finest oil paintings by great masters, which cannot be surpassed in cheapness; also great variety of engravings, chromes, &c.; at M. NEWMAN'S, 19, Fennel Street, close by the Cathedral. A visit is invited.—[ADVT.]

HAGUE'S	The Best Vocalists.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Double Quartette.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Finest Instrumentalists.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Brass Band.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Unrivalled Choir.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	KALULU,	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	The Famous Caricaturist,	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	A. DAVIS,	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	The Great Ventriloquist.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	HARRY SEFTON,	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	The Dancing Spider.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	THE BANJO KING.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Real Slave Jubilee Singers.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	THE BIG 6.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	Two Interlocutors.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	The Champion Skaters of the World,	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	ASHLEY, SMITH, & HESS.	MINSTRELS
HAGUE'S	And 100 other Novelties.	MINSTRELS

[illegible]

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MIDLAND RAILWAY. ANOTHER CHEAP EXCURSION TO LONDON.

On MONDAY, SEPT. 17th, 1877, a CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN to LONDON, by the Midland Railway Company's Route, for FIVE DAYS, by which passengers may also be booked from Principal Stations to Paris, Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine, will run as under:—
Manchester (London Road), 8-30 a.m.; Stalybridge, 8-40 a.m.; Ashton (N. & L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-31 a.m.; Hyde, 9-37 a.m.; Woodley, 9-41 a.m.; Marple, 9-50 a.m.; Hayfield 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10-0 a.m.; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 10-17 a.m.; Buxton, 10-20 a.m.; London (St. Pancras), arrive about 4-20 p.m.

Returning from St. Pancras Station at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m., on FRIDAY, SEPT. 21st.

Children under Three Years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half Fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by this Train only.

Tickets, Bills, and all Particulars may be obtained at the Midland Company's Booking Offices, and at Cook's Excursion Office, 48, Finsbury, Manchester.

Ten Minutes will be allowed at Trent Station for Refreshments both in going and returning.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, September, 1877.

MIDLAND RAILWAY. ANOTHER TWO DAYS' TRIP TO LONDON.

On MONDAY, SEPT. 17th, 1877, a CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN for LONDON (St. Pancras Station), for Ten Shillings, by the Midland Company's Route through the Peak of Derbyshire, for TWO DAYS, will run as under:—

Manchester (London Road), 12-5 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 12-15 a.m.; Hyde, 12-20 a.m.; Woodley, 12-27 a.m.; Marple, 12-35 a.m.; New Mills, 12-43 a.m.; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 12-55 a.m.; St. Pancras, arrive about 7-5 a.m.

Returning from St. Pancras on Tuesday, Sept. 18th, at 11-30 p.m., and Kentish Town at 11-35 p.m.

Children under Three Years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half Fares. The Tickets are not transferable, and will be available for returning by this Train only. Luggage must be conveyed under the Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible.

Ten Minutes will be allowed at Leicester Station for Refreshments both in going and returning.

Tickets and Bills may be obtained now at Cook's Tourist and Excursion Office, 48, Finsbury; at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station, Manchester; or at any of the above Stations.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, September, 1877.



HUSBAND'S Patent Hats

CLAIM PREFERENCE
OVER EVERY OTHER.

They are the only HATS
which are REALLY VENTILATED.

Manufactory:
11, Oldham Street.
BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.

RICHARDSON, 27, CORPORATION STREET (a few doors from the Exchange). FINE CUTLERY, Sporting and Hunting KNIVES, FANCY GOODS, LADIES' BAGS, DRESSING CASES, Luncheon and Tea Baskets, Fencing Requisites, Boxing Gloves, Spoons and Forks, Cruet Frames, &c., &c.



J.L. HARDISTY, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER, CATHEDRAL YARD.

Silver (English) Levers ... from £4.
Gold (English) Levers ... from £8.
Geneva Watches in great variety ... from £1.
Gold Albert Chains ... from 50s.

WATCH REPAIRS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

SUMMER WINES—RED.

CLARET—VIN ORDINAIRE	12s.
Do. Finer Dinner Wine	16s.
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HERMITAGE	20s.
CARLOWITZ (Hungarian)	22s.
OPNER do.	22s.
ERLAUER do.	24s.
VOSLAUER (Austrian)	22s.

SUMMER WINES—WHITE.

SAUTERNE	18s.
VIN DE GRAVE	18s.
MOSELLE	22s.
HOCK	22s.
CHABLIS	24s.
CHATEAU GILLET	26s.
RUSTER (Hungarian)	26s.
OEDENBURGER do.	26s.

These will be found very pleasant refreshing
DINNER WINES for the warm weather.

PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY, WINE MERCHANTS, 26, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 9, Lord Street.
Birmingham: 28, High Street.



WILLIAM GARDNER, MANUFACTURER OF PATENT LEVER AND OTHER WATCHES.

Silver Levers at £4, £5, £6, £7, £8, £9, and £10 each.
In Gold from £10 upwards.

An Assortment of Gold Alberts and Chains.

CORNER OF DEANSGATE AND ST. MARY'S GATE,
MANCHESTER.

Novel, Modern, Refreshing.

NEW MUSIC HALL, 44, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD (NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE).

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TRY IT! IT NEVER FAILS!

MUDDIMAN'S CELEBRATED
SPANISH WASH, for renewing, cleansing, thickening, and preventing the hair from falling off or turning grey, is a sure and never-failing remedy, instantly removing all scurf and dandruff, leaving the skin pure and healthy. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. May be obtained of G. F. Kent, chemist, 134, Broad Street, Piccadilly, or any chemist or hairdresser. Wholesale London Agents—Messrs. Low, Son, and Haydon, 250, Strand; or of the Manufacturer, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

ASK FOR, AND SEE YOU GET,

JONES'S INSECT POWDER.
For destroying Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Ants, Beetles, Crickets, Spiders, Lice in Dogs, Cats, Poultry, Birds, or Human Beings, and all kinds of Insects. It is useful for sprinkling about the nests of poultry, pigeons, &c. It is harmless in its nature, and may be applied without fear. Placed in drawers, chests, &c., it protects fur, woollen cloths, &c., from moths.
Sold in Boxes at 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. each.
Executors of the late JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist (late assistant to the Royal Dispensary), No. 140, Chapel Street, Salford.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
VICTORIA HOTEL LUNCHEON AND DINING SALOON. Royal Whitstable Natives: a fresh supply daily. Bass and Co.'s Ales, 2d. per glass; Reid's Imperial Stout, 2d. per glass.

BRILLIANT ECONOMY BLACKING.
BRUSHING AND POLISHING DONE AWAY WITH.—In bottles, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. Samples, carriage paid, 1s. AGENTS WANTED in every town. Sole manufacturers and monopolists, PULFORD and TACON, 97, DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.

VIOLINS: TENORS, VIOLONCELLOS, and DOUBLE BASSES. By CRASKE. The entire Stock of this great maker's Instruments is ON SALE at

MR. EDWARD CROMPTON'S,
54, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Some of them have been made 50 years, and are equal to anything in the world. Also a large collection of ITALIAN INSTRUMENTS. Can be had on approval, or purchased by Monthly Instalments.
N.B.—Testimonials from Wilhelm.

Printed for the Proprietors by JOHN HARDMAN, at 17, Balloon Street, and Published at 61, Spear Street, Manchester.—September 14th, 1877.—MANCHESTER WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Beagshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.